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LOUIS J. A. MERCIER EXPLAINS THE CHURCHES AND PEACE

LYDA ANN JENSEN SHOWS HOW SOCIAL SECURITY WORKS

- COMMENTS:
- DEWEY AND BRICKER
- THE ISSUES
- COOS BAY LETTER
- PUBLICIZING PROTESTS
- RESPONSIBILITY OF READING

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXXI

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Wartime Dress. AMERICA appears this week in a changed costume. It is not an entirely new dress. We have not embarked upon the technical intricacies of a "new format." Seams and lapels, pockets and flaps appear about where, for the past eight years, they have been in the habit of appearing. Only we are cutting the suit out of new cloth, which means a different typography. And it is with a finer weave and fewer cuffs and pleats, because, to tell the honest truth, we are following the WPB's directions to conform ourselves to the paper shortage. This is a wartime dress. Plain utility, rather than artistic unity and meaning, inspire its homely fashion. Readers who are disconcerted at finding less space actually covered by type will regain peace of mind when they learn that the present twenty-four pages contain ninety per cent of the contents of the former thirty-two pages. In the meanwhile, AMERICA's Editor-in-Chief, her Executive Editor and Staff express a very cherished belief. They are confident that their own bit of cooperation in this sector of our country's war production will evoke just one more proof of the continued loyalty of AMERICA's ever widening circle of readers and subscribers.

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
JOHN LAFARGE

Dewey and Bricker. For many months, political observers wondered whether Thomas E. Dewey really wanted the Republican nomination for the Presidency. In 1942, he had promised the people of New York that, if elected Governor, he would serve out his term—a pledge which precluded any kind of a campaign. But was he willing to be "drafted"? That question went unanswered, even though Wendell Willkie, the 1940 nominee, and Governor Bricker, of Ohio, were openly campaigning for delegates. After the Wisconsin primary, however, which destroyed Mr. Willkie's hopes and revealed a smashing trend to Governor Dewey, observers began to doubt their doubts about the intentions of New York's close-lipped Governor. His continued silence could mean only one thing: he would not refuse to be drafted. And his silence was not hurting his chances in the least. Despite Governor Bricker's intensified campaign, the number of Dewey-pledged delegates steadily increased. By the time the Convention opened last week in Chicago, all doubts were put to rest. It was clear that Mr. Dewey would be nominated on the first ballot and would accept. One question remained: would Mr. Bricker fight to the end or climb on the bandwagon? The answer came dramatically when the Ohio Governor, following the nomination of Mr. Dewey, withdrew from the race and asked the delegates to support the New York Governor. From that moment the Convention was a roaring Dewey-Bricker triumph. Only one vote was cast against Mr. Dewey, and Governor Bricker was a unanimous choice for second place on the ticket. A veteran observer, no longer baffled, pointed out that the Dewey forces, adopting Mr. Roosevelt's enigmatic 1940 technique, had conducted a very brilliant, if silent, campaign.

The Issues. While it is too early to predict the nature of the Autumn campaign, the outlines of Republican strategy seemed clearly sketched at Chicago. There will be no attack on major New Deal domestic legislation. There will be no

disagreement over the immediate war aim of complete victory over the Axis Powers, or the remote war aim of assuring lasting peace abroad and economic prosperity at home. Returning servicemen will be promised security and opportunity. In short, the Republicans have no intention of repeating the costly mistake of trying to turn back the clock of social progress. On the contrary, they will promise a future brimming over with hope and adventure. They will appeal to the spirit of youth, of daring and enterprise. They will promise to do all the New Deal has done, but in a more individualistic, creative, American way. They will attack centralization of power and control in Washington, laud States' Rights and local government, excoriate bureaucracy and regimentation. There will be frequent and frightening prophecies of Fascism and Communism if the "Indispensable Man" is continued in power. A strong effort will be made to split the Democrats over racial issues and to capture the Negro vote. The electorate will be reminded, as it was reminded by Representative Luce at Chicago, that we went to war under a Democratic President. War or no war, the prospect is for a fighting, old-fashioned campaign. We can only hope that it will not be any dirtier or any more explosive than is absolutely necessary.

Responsibility of Reading. Admitting a group to citizenship in Federal District Court at Wilmington, Del., recently, Judge Paul Leahy suggested that their new country has claims that are scarcely absolved by a faithful perusal of the comic strips and sports pages of the daily papers. "Discipline yourself to read the editorial pages," Judge Leahy told the newly-naturalized. "This will teach you to think about your new country, what trends are disappearing, what trends are forming." Now on the supernatural level, Baptism is a sort of naturalization into a *Civitas*, the Kingdom of God; of no mean city are we made citizens,

THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK.....	365
The Nation at War.....Col. Conrad H. Lanza	367
Washington Front.....Wilfrid Parsons	367
Underscorings	367
ARTICLES	
Chicago—June, 1944.....Charles Lucey	368
The Churches and the Peace .. Louis J. A. Mercier	369
Commandos of the Production	
Line	Justin McAghon
Social Security.....Lyda Ann Jensen	373
EDITORIALS	
Republican Platform . . . Soliloquy on Peace . . .	
The Negro Colleges . . . Canadian Mare's Nest.	
LITERATURE AND ART.....	376
The Blue Danube at the Vatican.....Max Graf	
POETRY	377
"Time"	Frederick Enright
Girls at First Communion.....William T. Miller	
The Heart Cannot Regret .. Sister Mary Charitina	
BOOKS.....	REVIEWS BY
Argentina: Pivot of Pan-American	
Peace.....W. Eugene Shiels	
Simone.....Fortunata Caliri	
The Labyrinth.....Michael J. Harding	
THEATRE..... FILMS	PARADE
CORRESPONDENCE.....	382
	THE WORD
	383

Saint Paul reminded his converts. Such "citizenship" has its obligations, too. Will AMERICA seem importunate if it suggests that the direction of public duty of Catholics is indicated in the Catholic press; that recording and appraising "what trends are disappearing, what trends are forming" is the specific function of that press?

The Coos Bay Letter. The Navy, it is reported, has now under investigation the question of a protest letter sent to the Associated Press by the executive officer of the Navy seaplane-tender, *Coos Bay*, and her crew. The letter offered to "help pay the wage increase money-hungry strikers are demanding" and enclosed \$412 to help defray wage-increase demands. A very pertinent question may be asked concerning this widely publicized letter. This question the Navy undoubtedly will itself be asking: who was it that so grievously misinformed the officer, Lt. William F. James, of St. Louis, and his men? For the strike in question, at the plant of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation at Lockland, Ohio, was called not because of wage demands, but because of the transfer of seven Negroes into a department of the plant which previously had only white workers. When production at the plant came to a full stop on June 6, D-Day on the Western Front, it was race prejudice, pure and unadulterated, which stopped the machinery and compelled Robert Spitzmiller, the president of the local United Automobile Workers (CIO) to appeal to patriotism and beg the workers to return to their posts. Why was this very vital circumstance unknown to the protesters?

Publicizing Protests. Incidentally, a couple of other pertinent questions are prompted by the *Coos Bay* incident. One cannot help asking, if only as a matter of speculation, whether the same degree of publicity would have been given to the letter in the press if the real nature of such a strike were generally known? Very significant, to take out a single example, is the fact that the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* for June 23, which carried the true cause of the strike tucked away in its headlined, front-page news story, carefully avoided even a hint thereof in a fiery editorial featuring the crew's "bitter plea" and the "stunned, bitter bewilderment of fighting men" at the ways of unionism. Query may even go farther, and speculate as to whether the same crew would have manifested the same "stunned, bitter bewilderment" that they showed toward the supposedly money-seeking workingmen if some colored sailor, having applied for admission to the crew of the tender, *Coos Bay*, had been politely informed by the Navy that the races in the Navy simply do not mix. Perhaps they would have done so. Perhaps there is not a man today in the Navy who will tolerate race discrimination in the Navy afloat one whit more than he will stand for it in the Wright Corporation on dry land. But we should welcome some further evidences of this.

Farms for Fecundity. That thirty per cent of women living in cities are childless and that twenty per cent more have only one child each, was noted by Dr. Warren S. Thompson of the Scripps Foundation for Population Research in an address at Boston University's Institute on post-war problems. A detailed analysis, State by State, of the birth rate of rural areas and urban centers, on the basis of the census reports of 1910 and 1940, has been made by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. The analysis confirms Dr. Thompson's ominous observations and gives one ample food for thought as we "scrape the bottom of the barrel" in our search for manpower. Further food for thought will be provided at the NCRLC Summer Schools

for priests, seminarians and sisters to be held at Maryknoll, August 7-11, and at St. Mary's Seminary of the Holy Ghost Fathers, Ferndale, Conn., August 8-12. For the rural-life program has larger objectives than population replacement. The enriching of human living, fostering the feeling for the family, personal economic security and, in consequence, political stability for the nation—all of these are concerns of the NCRLC. Father Patrick T. Quinlan, of Brookfield Center, Conn., in charge of the Summer Schools, has set aside the last day for discussion of the problems of "Rural Homesteading for the Industrial East."

On Living in a Revolution. Three Englishmen have offered suggestions recently "on living in a revolution," which all seem to agree is already in being. The first, Julian Huxley, has collected his latest essays in a book under that title. Holding that history is the record of a biological rhythm, he advises that we yield to the tempo of the times: "Man must become consciously evolutionary, in his individual thinking, in his collective outlook, and in his social machinery." Harold J. Laski, the second, has provided not a suggestion but a summons in his *Faith, Reason and Civilization*. "Hit the Sawdust Trail! Get the New Religion! Join the Communist Party!" is the burden of his incantation. The third is a Government official—though, regrettably, his is not official advice—Lord Halifax. Accepting an honorary degree at Bowdoin College on June 24, the British Ambassador adverted to the collapse of the nineteenth-century hopes of unlimited, automatic progress and the danger of flying to the opposite excess of believing in the purposeless inevitability of change. Not meaningless change but the will of God is the master and matrix of history, Lord Halifax declared; and with that Divine purpose "we may co-operate to the world's infinite advantage; we may resist at our peril and to the world's great loss."

Teachers and Research. On the occasion of his retirement, after forty-seven years of service at the University of Michigan, Vice President Shirley W. Smith gave a Commencement address that was remarkable for some rare wisdom. Without decrying the importance of research in our universities, he issued a strong plea for educators to remember that "it is a great and splendid thing, and worthy of all honor, to send a boy or girl away from college blessed 'with the glory of a lighted mind.'" He went on: "Distinguished as is a great scholar, no less distinguished, if the souls of boys and girls are important, is a great teacher." Though Catholic colleges and universities can stand many more foundations for research, it remains our great glory that we do have eminent teachers. We can, of course, only applaud Dr. Smith, for, after all, he was but echoing the words of Saint John Chrysostom: "What is equal to that art which labors to form the soul and direct the mind and talent of youth?"

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THE NATION AT WAR

WITHIN three weeks of the first landing in Normandy, on June 6, American armed forces have completed the capture of Cherbourg. This town has only about 40,000 people, but its port is one of the best along the Channel.

This success has been made in surprisingly short time. The fortifications, despite statements to the contrary, were as strong as they had been represented to be. Those fully manned were defended by the Germans with great bravery.

The Americans won because this campaign had been studied and planned for during a two-year period. Special weapons, and specially trained troops, were ready to attack the defenses. Great quantities of planes, artillery and warships pounded the life out of the German posts. The speed with which this has been accomplished has been a surprise to everyone—most of all perhaps to the Germans.

While the Americans were reducing Cherbourg, a British Army fought to the eastwards near Caen. This is on the direct road to Paris. The British, with whom are Canadian divisions, are meeting strong resistance. They are moving ahead slowly.

Meanwhile, the Russians launched a great offensive on a front of nearly 500 miles. It started on June 22, between Estonia on the north and the Pinsk Marshes on the south. During the first few days a substantial advance was made, and the operation seems on the way to further successes.

The Russians have extended their attack against Finland by new moves, east from Lake Ladoga, and north of Lake Onega. These attacks, if pushed far enough, will reopen the Murmansk Railroad and the canal from Leningrad to the White Sea.

In the Far East, the American attack against Saipan Island, which started on June 15, had by the 27th gained nearly one half of the island. This is a slower job than the previous attacks against Tarawa and the Marshall Islands. Those were low lying coral atolls and were overcome within two to three days at the most. Saipan is a volcanic isle with hills up to 1,500 feet, and sugar plantations and trees which afford cover to defenders. The Japanese have endeavored to relieve Saipan and, for the first time in nearly two years, their fleet came out and fought. The result was an American naval victory.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

THE Army and Navy have finally shown signs of taking measures to curb the extraordinary amount of civilian war-time travel. The first steps will undoubtedly be to give priorities to wounded soldiers and sailors, so that any traveler can be put off the train if no other place is available. This priority system in favor of the armed services has, of course, been in effect on the airlines for two years, so that now the surest way for a civilian to take two days longer than the train to the West Coast is to get a seat in a plane.

Experienced travelers never cease to marvel at the great increase in train passengers. Babies, especially, seem to have taken to the road during the past year. It is not unusual to see five babies under two years in one car. The young mothers are taking them to see their fathers in the camps. Dogs, too, are traveling—and in the Pullmans, not the baggage cars—in roomettes and bedrooms. No doubt they have been visiting the camps also. A conductor assured me that the company fumigates after each trip with a dog.

The war has also thrown onto the railroads all those who in other days would have gone by automobile. Add to that the soldiers and sailors, male and female, who are on leave or furlough, traveling frequently from one coast to the other. The railroads assure us that they particularly care for the armed forces, although some conductors treat them with little consideration. I would say that the services suffer more from the inconveniences of war-time travel than any others. Since most trains are from two to six hours late, making connections is hazardous, and I have seen many pathetic cases of soldiers and sailors who were seeing their furloughs vanish while waiting in stations and trying to make new connections, and I have marveled at their patience.

Another curious phenomenon is the large number of fashionably dressed people whose traveling manners, by the way, are often atrocious. Who they are and where they are going is a mystery.

The railroads are doing a fine job, under incredible handicaps. But I am wondering how they will relish the job of enforcement of priorities if these are imposed, for that is just what they will have to do—or surrender to the Army.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

FULL extent of the Papal work for war prisoners came to light with the liberation of Rome. The Papal Secretariat of State, through its Office of Information, handled 4,455,831 messages dealing with these prisoners, from September, 1939, through April, 1944. Communications concerning the prisoners were carried on through radio contact with twenty-seven countries, through telegraph and mail with every nation in the world. A staff of 703 persons served to fulfil this high mission of charity by which the Vatican hopes to shorten the period of anxiety for both prisoners and their families.

► An announcement at the Vatican, according to N.C.W.C. News Service, stated that forty-one states now have representatives accredited to the Holy See. Our President and the Emperor of Japan both have personal representatives.

► In France, the opening of the invasion shot up the circulation of the French Catholic underground *Le Témoignage du Chrétien*, whose normal issue was 200,000 copies, to double that number. The popularity of this and other Cath-

olic underground papers lies in the decided resistance that they show to anti-Christian and pagan race doctrines in the battle between totalitarian philosophy and the Church.

► Wide protest greeted the appointment of a Marxist, Gerardo Molina, as the Rector of the National University of Colombia at Bogotá. The liberal daily of Bogotá, *La Razón*, writes that this appointment "signifies the unconditional surrender of the intellectual and moral direction of youth to an anti-liberal criterion" which excludes "liberalism as a philosophical and political conception, and Catholicism as a religious institution and moral code."

► General MacArthur's conquest of Hollandia brought about the freeing of 150 missionary priests, Brothers and nuns after thirteen months of imprisonment. The story is told in the May issue of the Army paper, *The New Guinea Ramp*.

► The Vatican, by request of the Government in exile, resumed formal diplomatic relations with the Netherlands. The agreement was signed in August, 1943, but the war delayed the appointment of the new Minister, van Weede.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

Chicago, June 29, 1944—The last twelve hours of the convention washed away the dissidence which, while it might not have impaired seriously the November election fight (beating Franklin Roosevelt would always be No. 1 with Republicans), would at least have sent some leaders home unhappy and without the enthusiasm that makes for the strongest campaigning.

In this pedestrian, twenty-third quadrennial show of the Republicans, it was the straightforward statement of an honest man who meant what he said, Governor Warren of California, that did it.

Despite the overwhelming Dewey strength, there was at all times strong popular feeling in the convention for Governor Bricker of Ohio, and there was an undercurrent of resentment that Mr. Bricker was being passed over. He had made a long and determined fight for the Presidential nomination, had tried earnestly to clarify some of the issues in the campaign, whereas Mr. Dewey had said little—and yet the New York steamroller was flattening Governor Bricker.

It was not unnatural, after having made such a fight, that the Bricker people were disappointed and chagrined. But then Governor Warren said "no" unequivocally to the Vice Presidential nomination, and the place subsequently went to Mr. Bricker. These wounds were largely healed; in the Warren camp there were no hard feelings. The Californian had not gone out and made the long fight (and taken the pummeling from many sources) that Mr. Bricker had. There had not been any big build-up of hopes, as in the Bricker camp, and hence no great let-down. The result, then, was for harmony.

How does the Dewey-Bricker ticket compare with the Dewey-Warren ticket? Some politicians claimed it would be stronger. Mr. Warren, if nominated, would have made the strongest bid as Mr. Dewey's running mate in California but, even with him on the ticket, some leaders believed there was doubt that the Republicans could carry this State. Outside California, it was argued, Mr. Bricker would have greater appeal; he has traveled in many States and appeared before thousands of people this last year. The good will he has thus built, it was reasoned, would enhance the Party's chances.

The strategy of the Republican campaign was indicated clearly by Mr. Dewey's speech after nomination, which roused the delegates and the thousands in the galleries to a pitch of enthusiasm that had been largely absent from earlier sessions.

The New York Governor will insist that a change of Administration will not involve any change in the military conduct of the war—obviously in answer to the "Don't change horses in midstream" talk of the Democrats.

He will favor American participation with other nations in a cooperative effort to prevent other wars. There are very few, he told the convention, who believe that America should remain aloof from the world, and only a few who favor renouncing sovereignty and joining a superstate. The position, then, would be somewhere between the two, and it will be up to Mr. Dewey, in coming months, to define it more precisely.

Mr. Dewey probably will continue to make a point of the fact that he made none of the usual commitments in getting the nomination; that he, not the bosses, will control the Administration in Washington if the Republicans should win.

Two of the major points of his attack will be aimed at

the wrangling and confusion in Washington and the failure of Mr. Roosevelt and the Democrats to solve the nation's economic problems. The biggest audience-response to his speech in the Chicago stadium came when he demanded: "Do we have to have a war in order to get jobs?"

The fact that Mr. Dewey is young—used by his opponents to stress inexperience—will be turned to advantage by Mr. Dewey and the Republicans in order to emphasize the vigor he would bring to Federal Administration. Mr. Willkie's theme of 1940—the New Deal defeatism which says that America has lost its capacity to grow—will be used again. So, too, of course, will the contention that no man should have more than two terms in the White House.

The platform adopted here was a compromise, as all political platforms are; platform architects have never been noted for their ability to call a spade just that.

On the controversial foreign-policy side, the Republicans pledged themselves to work for peace and freedom based on justice and security "through organized international co-operation and not by joining a world state." They voted in favor of "responsible participation" by the U. S. in a "post-war cooperative organization among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression and to attain permanent peace with organized justice in a free world."

"Such organization," the platform said, "should develop effective cooperative means to direct peace forces to prevent or repel military aggression." But it did not define "peace forces" and left a lot of people wondering what was meant.

There was disagreement about this, of course; Mr. Willkie and some of the Republican Governors did not think it went far enough or stated clearly enough the willingness of this country to act in concert with other nations in keeping down the use of force. But the fact remains that, actually, the platform will be what Mr. Dewey says it is.

The platform committee gave the back of its hand to the conservative Southern Democratic bloc in Congress by favoring a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission, by advocating a constitutional amendment to eliminate the poll tax and by favoring anti-lynching legislation. The platform "unreservedly" condemned appeals to racial or religious prejudices and pledged an immediate Congressional investigation into "mistreatment, segregation and discrimination" against Negroes in the armed forces.

This action raises the question, of course, as to what the Democrats will say on these same issues when they write their platform here in the convention beginning July 19. To match it, there can be no dealing with anti-fourth-term Southerners who have been shouting "white supremacy." It is a challenge the Democratic platform builders cannot ignore. This will give little comfort to bolting Democrats who have thought about casting a Republican ballot in November.

The G.O.P. pledged its support of extension of existing old-age insurance and unemployment insurance to all workers not now covered, return of public employment offices to State administration and study of the programs for maternal and child health and assistance to the blind, with a view to strengthening these programs.

On the highly controversial medical-aid issue, the Republicans pledged "the stimulation by Federal aid of State plans to make medical and hospital service available to those in need without disturbing doctor-patient relationships or socializing medicine."

The platform took a swipe at what it called the "continued perversion of the Wagner Act by the New Deal," which it saw as menacing the purposes of the law and

threatening to destroy collective bargaining. President William Green of the A. F. of L. did not like the labor platform and lamented the denial of labor's demand for repeal of the Smith-Connally law. But this plank did say that the Secretary of Labor should be a representative of labor.

Whatever section of labor may shift from Franklin Roosevelt's side to the Republicans' in November seemed hardly likely to be motivated by anything in the platform's labor plank.

The Republicans climbed down off their traditional high-tariff wall to the extent of saying that tariffs might be modified by reciprocal, bilateral trade agreements—a bow to the pattern set by Secretary of State Hull's trade-pact program.

There was in the platform, of course, the expected excoriation of New Deal bureaucracy. The national Administration was charged with being a "sprawling overlapping bureaucracy," undermined by executive abuse of power, confused authority, duplication, poor fiscal controls, loose personnel practices and "an attitude of arrogance previously unknown in our history." You can write your own ticket on the indictment for arrogance; on the rest of it, anyone who has been in Washington in recent years could hardly deny that these are statements of fact.

Political platforms are, of course, among the most exclusive reading in all U. S. literature. Few people pay much attention to what they say. It will remain for Messrs. Dewey and Bricker to make their case before the country in the months ahead.

CHARLES LUCEY

THE CHURCHES AND THE PEACE

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

THERE are signs that American opinion must act quickly if we are to escape the risk of being propelled into the most colossal imperialistic adventure ever dreamed of.

There is no doubt, of course, that only three nations will come out of this war strong enough to boss the world if they want to—with Russia best situated to control Germany and Japan, and even to dominate Europe. Hence the tendency to think that the first thing to do is to get Marshal Stalin to realize that the ultimate interest of his country is an amicable understanding with England and the United States.

The point is: On what basis is that amicable understanding to be worked out? Is it to be achieved by allowing Russia to do what England and France went to war to prevent the Axis from doing? If so, then our self-respect and our independence are scrapped. Once you have capitulated on the question of moral principles you are no longer master of yourself, and those to whom you sacrificed them know that you are at their mercy.

There never was, then, a more critical moment in the history of the world—and in particular of the United States—than the present, because, in spite of some local failures to live up to its highest ideals, the United States has been since its inception the greatest moral force politically in the western world. It has stood for respect for the human person based on the doctrine of God-given inalienable rights; and, in its one chance at the treatment of colonial peoples, has shown that colonial control should mean, not the exploitation of the colonials, but fair commercial dealings with

them, and especially the realization of the duty to lead them up to independent status as fast as possible.

Hence the American principles of government and of international relations: the people do not belong to the government but the government belongs to the people; no government has the right to promulgate any law against the inalienable rights with which all men are endowed; no people has the right to violate the inalienable rights of another people.

Unless we take with us those principles—which do not constitute a visionary idealism but represent the basic reality of the natural law—we shall become nonentities in international councils, because in entering them we shall have repudiated the doctrines which have been the very breath of our life.

If we did so, we should be as unfair to the Russians as to other peoples. We may now realize that the Russian people legitimately broke out of a belated feudal regime. It could not but give them a sense of exhilaration, even if, to escape from that system, they accepted a dictatorship which interfered with their inalienable human rights. Though we could not approve such a dictatorship, we may at least recognize that a dictator may be necessary to unify a people, as shown partially by our own granting of special powers to the Executive in times of war. We may even fully recognize the legitimacy of Russia's preoccupation with security in the postwar world; but we should be no friends of the Russian people if we accepted the idea that their Government could treat other peoples as they themselves would not wish to be treated.

It should not, therefore, be impossible to bring Marshal Stalin to see that ultimately what is best for his people is to enter the community of democratic nations on the basis of the universal principles of national and international morality. But to do so we must not for a moment consider that we ourselves, in the name of opportunism, might abandon these principles to accept a share in bossing the world.

The idea that "Big-Three imperialism" is to rule the post-war world should then be dropped at once, if it has ever been considered; and we should unequivocally take our stand for a system of international institutions which will complement, in the field of international relations, the national governments of all countries, large or small.

It should be only too easy to see how impossible it would be, without such a system, to settle any of the questions of the postwar era. Take the cases of Poland and France first of all. What the legitimate boundaries of Poland are may be a difficult question; but that Poland has a right to her independence and that she is not to be compensated for a lopping-off of her territory by a lopping-off of Germany should be clear. For the Big Three to assume the power to assign boundaries unilaterally and to reshape the territories of nations without due regard to national rights would mean the dedication of the new order to lawless might, to the very principle we are denouncing in the Germans.

As to France, the cavalier way she is referred to, in some quarters, as a defeated and henceforth negligible power, is a portent of the callousness to justice which threatens us. France has been in every way the dupe of the peace after the first World War, which would give her no security and which nevertheless committed her to the defense of Poland and other states. So the cases of Poland and of France remain linked. How monstrous it would be to sacrifice Poland when it was to save Poland that France was sacrificed; for at the outbreak of hostilities England, which had equal commitments with France, had only the beginning of national conscription. In every way France has been and is to be the

martyr of this war—her children starved when they might have been succored, her towns and monuments devastated, her entire population weakened by malnutrition. France will have been our victim as well as Germany's; and we owe her not only rehabilitation but a reverential welcome back as an equal by the side of the victors.

Moreover, if we treat France as a pawn in our game of bossing the world, she may reconcile herself with a de-Hitlerized and chastened Germany and swing with her Italy and Spain, which would mean a bloc against us of some 190 million people, with whom, incidentally, South America would have much sympathy. We should consider, too, that the Asiatic and Moslem peoples will emerge from this war with much less fear of the Occident, and would be shocked to see the United States sacrifice its principles. Finally, there would be no guarantee that even the Big Three would not come to quarrel among themselves. Russia's legitimate desire for an outlet into the Mediterranean and England's long resolve to keep her out of it could not be reconciled; England and the United States will inevitably come to have contrary interests as to the control of eastern oil and aviation bases; while, above it all, England and the United States, conscious that they had compromised on their loudly proclaimed moral charters, could only come to despise each other, as Russia would despise both of them for having yielded to her. In short, with the acceptance of a "Big-Three imperialism" there could only be moral bankruptcy and an inevitable new world war.

The only hope of salvation from this degradation and peril is, then, to come back to some form of a society of nations on the basis of human rights and justice to all.

Fortunately our church leaders have already recognized this. The one consoling fact in these days of temptation to compromise, besides the constant call of the Papacy for a peace based on justice, is that, both in England and the United States, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish religious leaders have found a way to get together and to formulate the principles of a pattern for peace. On October 7, 1943, American Catholic, Jewish and Protestant churchmen released an all-inclusive declaration on a just peace which at once lifts American aspirations above the plane of unethical opportunism.

They assert not only that we must have some kind of international organization but that the first act of that organization must be "a declaration of human rights, so that all states repudiate racial, religious, or other discrimination in violation of those rights." They ask "that the progress of undeveloped, colonial or oppressed peoples toward political responsibility become a matter of international concern." They want "an international economic collaboration to assist all states to provide an adequate standard of living for their citizens as opposed to the economic monopoly and exploitation of natural resources by privileged groups or states." They demand further "that, within each state, the rights of racial, religious, and cultural minorities to economic, educational, cultural, and political equality of opportunity be guaranteed; and that, also within each state, in the interest of the common good, adequate standards of living for family life, for decent conditions of work, and for the participation of labor affecting its welfare, be worked out by those most directly concerned."

There are no equivocations in their statements, no compromise. They give us back the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence, the principle of the dignity of all men and of all nations. They were not afraid to say that "not only individuals but nations, states and international society are subject to the sovereignty of God and to the

moral law which comes from God"—which means that no Caesar, or no three Caesars, can settle anything in violation of that moral law.

There we have the saving pattern. The plea this article would make is that, in view of the emergency, it be backed up vigorously and at once. It should be taken up by all the churches in the United States, and made a subject of discussion in their pulpits, in their conferences, in all the associations and clubs they foster.

I would make bold to add: That we may have the assurance that the peace is going to be a peace based on the moral law, our Government should be petitioned by church groups throughout the nation to insist that representatives of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish churches from the Allied countries and, as soon as possible, from the Axis countries, should be called on to form a commission of the Allied Councils right now and, eventually, a commission of the peace conference; and asked to formulate for that peace conference a statement of principles for the peace. I believe in particular that the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish churchmen who have suffered under the totalitarian regimes, including the missionaries in Japan, have won the right to be represented in the peace commissions, and that they are best qualified to express, in terms of human rights, both the responsibilities and the legitimate needs of the peoples they have labored with.

Having abandoned all thought of a "Big-Three dictatorship" in favor of a Council of Nations representing a genuine international collaboration; having set up a commission of that council, a representation of those best qualified to formulate the moral law and its implications in government and economics, we could be sure of developing gradually—even though not without difficulty—the international institutions the American Inter-Faith Statement on a just peace calls for. Then our boundary, colonial and natural-resources problems could be worked out, because we would start to solve them, not in a spirit of changing opportunism, but on the principles of rational justice.

We should go one step farther. The principles of the moral law, embodied in an international bill of rights, must not only be made to regulate the peace conference, they should continue to regulate the acts of the Council of Nations.

I therefore would further suggest that, as part of whatever permanent international organization is to be set up, there should be a permanent Supreme Court composed of church representatives as well as of lay jurists, so that any nation, any colony or mandated country, or any minority group, could make an appeal and ask for a judgment as to whether the international bill of rights had been violated by the decisions of the international organization.

I believe that if we had stood with the League of Nations in 1918 in order to improve it, and if, back of that League there had been such an international Supreme Court of churchmen and laymen, we could have escaped the present catastrophe. And I believe that nothing short of such a permanent institution, where matters involving international morality can be adequately represented, can save us from another war.

It is only too evident that we have gone from war to war on an ever more disastrous scale because of our purely secular leaderships. But now that the churches have learned to unite, at least for a common reassertion of the international moral law, the way is open for them to ask that they be given the chance to make their legitimate contribution to the maintenance of peace. There never was a greater challenge. It should be taken up immediately.

COMMANDOS OF THE PRODUCTION LINE

JUSTIN McAGHON

THE title of this article is the striking phrase once used by an industrialist to characterize the Commissioners of Conciliation of the United States Department of Labor. He had just estimated the man-hours saved to the war effort through the success of the Federal Conciliators assigned to his area in promptly settling five serious strikes in his own industry. A few months later a writer on war-time labor problems, when told that 97 per cent of the strikes and threatened strikes handled by the Service in 1942 were settled on the spot through Conciliation, evaluated the tonnage thus saved in terms of several first-class battleships.

Nation-wide statistics for 1943, released by Director John R. Steelman of the Conciliation Service, go farther in disclosing the importance to the war effort of this little-publicized Government agency; what the figures amount to in terms of war matériel can be imagined from the record below. The report shows that in 1943 Dr. Steelman's five Regional Directors and their three hundred Field Commissioners handled practically 22,000 situations, involving more than 11 million workers, with settlements averaging 47 per day. Because of their nature, the 4,664 cases not settled required referral to other agencies, such as the War Labor Board and the National Labor Relations Board.

The detailed figures for 1943 follow:

<i>Disputes:</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>No. Involved</i>
Strikes	1,968	815,710
Threatened Strikes	1,658	809,276
Lockouts	30	7,638
Controversies	10,116	3,432,872
	13,772	5,065,496
<i>Other Situations:</i>		
Technical Service	164	113,404
Arbitrations	1,115	254,429
Investigations, elections, etc.	2,060	135,257
	3,339	503,090
<i>Disputes Referred to Other Agencies:</i>		
War Labor Board	3,955	5,145,175
Other Agencies	709	369,830
	4,664	5,515,005
TOTALS	21,775	11,083,591

Though the general picture shows a 58 per cent increase over the 1942 case load, it is not to be taken that strikes and threatened strikes increased as much as one might suppose. Actually there were only 117 more such situations in 1943. The greatest increases came with 519 additional arbitrations, and 5,058 more controversies involving contract negotiations and grievances. Two reasons account for this; on the one hand, the Executive Order which established the War Labor Board requires the referral of labor disputes to the Conciliation Service under certain conditions; on the other, many prior collective agreements provide for calling in the Service before resorting to arbitration. The day's work, then, is being handled under both procedures, and the successes consistently outweigh the failures. For that reason, both management and labor are coming to recognize more fully the advantage to themselves and the country of preventing trouble through Conciliation, instead of letting it break out and calling on the Service later to heal the wounds which strikes and lockouts always inflict, to the advantage of none.

Today's world-wide turmoil, and the domestic industrial tensions inevitable under war-time conditions, lend timeliness to a consideration of Conciliation as the age-old way of bringing harmony in the midst of conflict; it is the simple task of bringing to the conference table those who differ. History is filled with examples: Church Councils have ironed out disputes on doctrine; Kings' Councils have composed major quarrels of government; trade associations and unions have for a long time now been able, through conference, to work out principles, policies and procedures. In all these situations *discussion* is the touchstone to success, and it seems not too much to say that without consultation and debate there would be no government, no industrial organization and no orderly way of life.

The United States Conciliation Service is not new; its origin dates back to 1913 when Congress, in the Act which established the Department of Labor, declared: "The Secretary of Labor shall have power to act as mediator and to appoint Commissioners of Conciliation whenever in his judgment the interests of industrial peace require it to be done." By law, then, Federal Conciliators are the personal representatives of a Cabinet Member but, though armed with a resultant prestige which fortifies their own influence in the community, they have no authority to compel or forbid, since they have no law to enforce or mandate to carry out.

In the thirty-one years of its life, the Conciliation Service has handled more than 71,000 situations, of which 37,000 post-date Pearl Harbor. Obviously, that call to arms required the immediate promulgation of a clear-cut Government war-time labor policy. Accordingly, the National War Labor Board was established by Executive Order 9017 and, under its provisions, the Commissioners of Conciliation became the Government's front-line representatives in case of trouble on the production line.

This is the language used: "The procedures for adjusting and settling labor disputes which might interrupt work which contributes to the effective prosecution of the war shall be as follows: a) the parties shall first resort to direct negotiations or to the procedures provided in a collective-bargaining agreement; b) if not settled in this manner, the Commissioners of Conciliation of the Department of Labor shall be notified if they have not already intervened in the dispute; c) if not promptly settled by Conciliation, the Secretary of Labor shall certify the case to the Board . . ."

In the War Labor Disputes Act, better known as the Smith-Connally Act, the Conciliation Service for the first time was mentioned by name in an Act of Congress. Under that Act, certification by the Conciliation Service precedes action by the War Labor Board.

It may seem paradoxical that Conciliators, though lacking authority, are able to bring about a reign of peace to the great extent shown by the record, especially since there are no established formulas or blueprints for handling specific situations. Promoting *discussion* with the aim of dissipating prejudice and dissolving misunderstanding is really the only guiding principle they have in common. The Commissioners are drawn from all walks of life: some have been lawyers; others labor-organization officials or workers, personnel executives and engineers, and many were former employers in a wide variety of industrial and commercial fields.

In the majority of Conciliation cases, misunderstanding proves to be the root of the trouble, and it is usually due to the failure of management and labor to sit down frequently and regularly for frank discussion of their mutual problems. The Conciliator's job is to encourage the parties to approach the current problem analytically and to help them, by means

of calm discussion, to clarify those issues which may be misunderstood by either or both. The Conciliator aims to inject a spirit of reasonableness and to condition all groups to approach with open minds the vexing problems of doing the day's work together. As a natural result of that procedure, the settlement reached is actually the settlement of the contending parties themselves, and for that reason is most likely to be reasonable and practical. On that score, conciliation outranks all other methods of settling disputes, because industrial peace is something *attained*—not *proclaimed*.

An important truth about conciliation is that it brings home forcibly to both parties the basic mutuality of their interests—a situation obviously in which it is not the function of a conciliator to *prescribe* a settlement even if he had the authority. Rather, by tact, patience and scrupulous impartiality, and by offering suggestions based on his experience with other companies and in other industries, he dissipates prejudice, eliminates some differences, clarifies others and encourages the parties to arrive at *their own* settlement. All this takes place around the conference table, which not only draws men together but also effectively prevents the erection of a fence to separate them.

In everything a mediator does, *discussion* is of primary importance but, generally speaking, the Commissioner will first confer with each party separately. This initial procedure serves a double purpose. It enables the Commissioner to make an informal, preliminary survey of the events preceding the dispute, and to learn something of the personalities involved in it. These separate conferences also help the Commissioner to ascertain the real points at issue, and it is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this phase of his work. He can learn from many sources the *apparent* causes of the dispute, but only from the parties themselves can he learn the things which are keeping them apart. In case after case involving many disputed points, it is found that the real issues are not those which appear on the surface, and that only one or two are actually keeping management and workers apart.

How long he shuttles back and forth between separate conferences depends entirely on the Commissioner's own discretion, because no two cases are exactly alike. In some situations the Conciliator may arrange a joint conference within a few hours after he arrives on the scene; in others, separate conferences may continue for several weeks, because the Conciliator must study not only the type of dispute and the number of controversial points but also the personal equation—the shifting emotional states of the parties, the strength of their will to agree. The good Conciliator tries to effect a settlement at the earliest possible moment, but to bring the parties into joint conferences too soon might postpone a final settlement indefinitely or prevent one. Having effected a meeting of men at the right moment, however, the Commissioner's first effort toward a meeting of minds is usually to bring the parties into agreement on as many of the disputed points as possible.

In the joint conference it is often discovered that the parties are actually in accord on questions over which they thought they disagreed. In other cases, both sides may have told the Commissioner that some demands will be dropped if only certain other questions can be worked out satisfactorily. Naturally, during a serious dispute they will speak more freely to a *trusted* third party than to each other but, no matter what the situation, the Conciliator will strive to guide the conferences in such a way that all controversial points will be reduced to rock bottom. In the majority of cases he succeeds by this procedure in actually eliminating

every question at issue and bringing about a complete agreement. In other situations there may remain a point—or several points—on which both parties persistently refuse to give ground, and in cases of that type the tact, patience and skill of the trained Conciliator are put to a grueling test. Even after hours—and sometimes days and nights—of conference with no apparent results, his watchword is still the same: "Never lose head and never lose heart."

Excepting railroad and air transportation, the activities of the Conciliation Service cover the whole field of our national economy from Agricultural Chemicals to Zinc Mining, but the problems handled are human relations of a very familiar sort, both sides contending—as they always will—for what they consider to be their rights. Even so, this writer believes that the outlook for ultimate peaceful post-war labor relations is more than encouraging, in view of the fact that disputes coming to the Conciliation Service *in which there is no will to agree* are few and far between. It seems significant that when faced with a collision of rights, both management and labor appear willing to concede that some rights take precedence because of their very nature, and willing also to recognize that the fulfilment of duties is quite as essential to peaceful relations as the vindication of rights. Recent statements by recognized spokesmen for both groups point the same way.

Such dispositions, though praiseworthy indeed, are far from universal, and on that account there seems to be need for something more; something antecedent to and outside of collective bargaining to provide norms of conduct during the bargaining process and in living under the contract thereafter. The deficiency (which the writer thinks it is) might be supplied by an Industrial Code, so to speak, jointly devised and sponsored by Labor and Management—a brief three-point document including a Postulate to give meaning and significance in *labor-management relations* to what we call Democracy; a statement of respective Rights and Duties mutually recognized and, finally, a set of Guiding Principles. Employers and employes are all human persons; such a code, then, if based on the natural rights of human persons in which our Democracy was rooted by the Founders, would seem to facilitate through collective bargaining the attainment of a more durable industrial peace.

SOCIAL SECURITY

LYDA ANN JENSEN

LAST week a prospective father, whom we will call Sam Brown, was killed in an ordnance plant. He left a young wife with a baby due in a few months. The young, expectant mother was inconsolable. What should she do? Her savings totaled \$122.14. Tom, like so many other men, had not been able to lay much aside.

Mrs. Brown gave no more thought to Social Security than she did to the Mint or the postal system. She had no idea that her husband, together with 60,000,000 other Americans, had a substantial stake in a nest egg of \$4.5 billion which Uncle Sam had tucked away in the United States Treasury to meet such emergencies—money which will support the breadwinner's family in case of death, or the breadwinner against need in old age.

Like an avalanche of good will came the benefits. Mrs. Brown received a lump sum to defray her husband's modest funeral expenses. After the babies—twins—arrived, she began to receive a monthly check. This she will continue to receive for the next eighteen years, until the babies reach

their eighteenth birthday. In all, she will collect a total of \$12,960 from the Government. After the twins reach their eighteenth birthday, Uncle Sam assumes that Tom Brown's children can take care of themselves.

Social Security, an offspring of the depression, had its beginning seven years ago—January 1, 1937. But its roots go back much farther. Most of the industrial countries of Europe had workable systems of social insurance in operation before the outbreak of World War I. These countries accepted it as a necessity in a machine age.

Prior to World War I, old-age pension "bills" had been introduced in Congress. Twice, in 1911 and 1924, the late Victor L. Berger, Representative from Wisconsin, had vainly introduced bills. Most fellow Congressmen scoffed. But where European example failed, the depression did the trick. In 1936, Congressmen concluded that there might be a compromise between American security and the traditional American ambition after all.

On January 1, 1939, family benefits were further extended, and the fund was changed to "Federal Old-Age and Survivors Insurance." Benefits were made payable to the breadwinner's family at his death, whatever his age, provided he had the necessary "quarters of coverage." Coverage means that you must have been paid, on jobs covered by the law, at least \$50 in each of a certain number of calendar quarters. (A calendar quarter is the three months beginning the first of January, April, July, or October of any year.) Quarters in which you are paid \$50 or more are called "quarters of coverage." These can be earned after the age of 65 as well as before. In any case you must have had at least six quarters of coverage. Once you have forty quarters of coverage, you are qualified for these benefits as long as you live.

How social-security family benefits work may be illustrated dramatically in this actual happening. A month ago an industrial worker, whom we will call Fred Swift, died from a heart attack. He left a widow and four minor children, ranging in age from one to six years. Swift's average monthly income for the seven-year period of his coverage was \$150. His monthly benefit was \$32.10. His widow's benefit, with dependent children, is three-fourths of her husband's—in this case \$24.07. A child's benefit is one-half the father's—in this case \$16.05, or \$64.20 for four children, a total of \$88.27 a month. However, as no pension can be more than \$85 a month, that is the amount the Swift family received.

This amount Mrs. Swift will continue to receive until her oldest child reaches his eighteenth birthday. However, should he leave school at sixteen to accept employment, his benefits stop then. This is, of course, true for the other children also. Mrs. Swift's benefits will continue, even after her youngest child reaches his eighteenth birthday, provided she has reached her sixty-fifth birthday. If she has not, her benefit will stop at that time until she reaches the age of sixty-five. From then on until she dies she will continue to receive \$24.07 a month.

The system is operated by the United States Government through the Social Security Board and the United States Treasury Department. Wage-earners and their employers share the cost by paying special taxes. This makes it possible to provide much more insurance protection for the worker and his family than he could buy for what he pays toward the Federal plan. And because the worker has helped to pay for these benefits, they come as a right.

Are you covered by the Social Security Act? Do you work in an office, store, mill, mine, shop, factory or other place of business or industry, including banks, building-and-

loan associations? Those are jobs covered by the law. Farmers, domestics, professionals and Government employees are not covered.

If you are covered and wish to file a claim—old-age or survivor's—you should either go or write to the nearest social-security office saying you wish to claim your benefits. If you do not know the address of the board, your post-office can direct you.

The social-security office will give you the necessary papers and will give, free of charge, any assistance you may need. It is not necessary to hire a lawyer in connection with the claim.

After your papers have been filled out, the social-security office will forward your claim to the Bureau of Old Age and Survivors Insurance in Washington, where it will be examined. If, under the law, the claim is justifiable, it will be approved and certified for payment by the Social Security Board, which consists of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Labor and the Chairman of the Social Security Board; and the money will be paid from the special fund made up of the workers' and employers' taxes—The Federal Old Age and Survivors Insurance Trust Fund.

In every case, social-security benefits are determined by the average wages of the worker and the period of coverage. During the peak month of the Depression in 1940, \$53,-600,000 was paid out to 1,200,000 workers. The sum of \$9,059,043 was paid out monthly in 1942 to 502,519 Americans. Of this amount \$1,693,600 went to 138,639 dependent children; \$957,010 to 48,994 widows under sixty-five with dependent children; and \$30,096 to 2,315 dependent parents.

Like peas in a pod, like money or War Bonds in the bank, Social Security works for you while you sleep.

WHO'S WHO

CHARLES LUCEY, Scripps-Howard newspaperman, will be remembered by readers as the guest columnist who filled in on the *Washington Front* during Father Parsons' absence last summer. Mr. Lucey has sent his observations on the recent Republican convention by wire from Chicago. . . . LOUIS J. A. MERCIER, Harvard educator, was born in France and educated at Loyola University, Chicago. He is a laureate of the French Academy and the author of *Challenge of Humanism*, published by the Oxford University Press. . . . JUSTIN MCAGHON is a United States Commissioner of Conciliation who, through long experience, knows both sides of industrial relations. While an employer, he was for some ten years chairman of the Carpenters Joint Trade Board of New York and, as a member of the original faculty, lectured on the Social Encyclicals for five years at the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen. . . . LYDA ANN JENSEN was born and reared in Audubon, Iowa. For several years she taught in the Des Moines public schools, and she is now instructor of speech at Waldorf College, Forest City, Iowa. Since March, 1944, she has placed articles in several magazines.

. . . MAX GRAF was a student of Bruckner in his native city, Vienna, and, until 1938, was Professor of the History and Esthetics of Music at the State Academy of Music, Vienna. Since 1938, he has been a lecturer at the New School for Social Research. His book, *Composers and Critics*, will be published this fall; another book, *The Legend of a Musical City*, is to be published in the Spring of 1945. . . . AMERICA takes pleasure in announcing, beginning in the issue of July 15, a series of three articles on full employment as a requirement for democracy, written by Joseph P. McMurray, of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM

THOUGH the platforms of political parties have been in the past "more honour'd in the breach than the observance," they remain one of the two most important functions of our quadrennial conventions. The other, of course, is the nomination of candidates to stand for the Presidency and the Vice Presidency of the United States. The reason why party platforms, despite growing cynicism, retain their importance, is that they still have power to attract, and even more to repel, the rank-and-file electorate. The men who sit down to draft the platforms a few days before the conventions must do their work with extreme subtlety and caution. They must avoid statements of policy which might alienate free-lance voters—whose suffrages are decisive in every national election—as well as the discordant blocs in their own parties. They must strive to appeal, furthermore, to every important regional, class and racial interest. Hence the vague general tone of party platforms and the sweeping, liberal promises. They are meant to be catch-alls; they are designed to win votes. More cannot be expected of them.

Judged from this viewpoint, the platform drafted by Senator Taft and his colleagues, and unanimously adopted by the Republican convention in Chicago, is a very good one. It exploits public resentment over wartime regimentation. With only a few exceptions, it offends no notable group of voters. It is strongly in favor of winning the war and winning the peace. It stands four-square on democracy, on freedom, on the Constitution. So well were the various planks sawed and fitted to every shade of opinion represented at Chicago, that the vote for adoption was unanimous.

The only real difficulty in drafting the platform arose, as had been expected, over the international plank. During the pre-convention hearings, and almost up to the moment the platform was presented to the Convention, "nationalists" and "internationalists" fought for a statement favorable to their respective positions. The compromise finally adopted declares for victory over the Axis powers and the "attainment of peace and freedom based on justice and security." This second objective is to be achieved "through organized international cooperation and not by joining a world state." No treaty or agreement with any other nation will be made except "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Pan-American solidarity is to be developed and postwar military forces adequate to defend the nation will be maintained. The Republican Party pledges itself, finally, to protect at all times the "essential interests and resources" of the United States.

The domestic planks, which cover a wide range of questions, stress free business enterprise, economic prosperity, States' Rights and social security. On the negative side, the centralization of power in the Federal Government and the growth of bureaucracy are vigorously denounced. The platform affirms the belief of the Republicans that we can solve our problems "by American methods," and that "we have no need of either the Communistic or the Fascist technique."

More specifically, the platform incorporates a large number of programs sponsored by the New Deal. Included are the old-age and unemployment-insurance programs, which will be extended and strengthened; special assistance to agriculture, not excluding "support prices" and "commodity loans"; low-cost housing and medical care; encouragement of small business and prosecution of monopoly. With re-

spect to labor, "the Republican Party accepts the purposes of the National Labor Relations Act, the Wage and Hour Act, the Social Security Act and all other Federal statutes designed to promote and protect the welfare of American working men and women." As soon as the war ends, taxes on individuals and corporations will be reduced "as far as is consistent with the payment of the normal expenditures of Government in the postwar period." While working for a great extension of foreign trade, the Party will "establish and maintain a fair protective tariff on competitive products" to protect our standard of living.

Moreover, the platform pledges the Republicans to reduce and rationalize the Federal bureaucracy; to amend the Constitution to limit the tenure of office of the President to two terms, to provide equal rights to women, to abolish poll taxes; to establish by Federal legislation a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission; to favor legislation against lynching, and the final settlement of Indian claims. Hawaii, Alaska and Puerto Rico are promised a large measure of autonomy, looking toward eventual statehood.

Finally, there is a section which says that the nominees of the Convention are bound to be true to the principles of the platform. In view of the vague and sweeping nature of that document, this will not be a heavy obligation. Governors Dewey and Bricker have all the freedom they want to take specific and detailed stands on the great issues of the hour. We hope that they will make the most of their opportunity.

SOLILOQUY ON PEACE

AS he came out of church his eye was caught by the billboard in the vestibule announcing special services for "Victory and Peace." The pastor had been a little long-winded that hot morning, and this may have been the reason why the double intention struck him today. Why does the pastor have to use two words where one will do? Victory . . . Peace—aren't they the same thing? Everybody knows what we're praying for—to get the boys—my boy—home as soon as possible. To finish the war and close the books on the whole disagreeable business.

His hand closed about the fingers of his grandson. But this time it was not to support the awkward young legs. With that Victory came a fear of other wars; Peace did not come with Victory. This convulsive clutch came as his eye leaped the decades and this child seemed to be snatched from him, guardian before the law and before God. A quick upsurge of panic replaced itself with more serious soul-searching. Was he doing his duty to his son and grandson?

He was old enough not to be misled by fair pictures of a world dominated by the placidity of a countryside. Better men than he had tried, and found that man would eternally be bent on quarrels. At the same time he knew that his own life had been enriched by the efforts of those who had refused to acquiesce to suggestions of defeatism. He knew too much to give in to a pessimism that meant a complete bankruptcy of thought and action.

Like many others, he had done his share years ago to twist the Lion's tail. He had whooped with joy when the League of Nations, that tool of imperialistic interests, had been sent down the road to death, by the vote of the Senate. Just how much that decision had led to his present sorrow, he had no way of determining. But an inescapable uneasiness, these past days, had been assailing him. It was very much like the humiliation that had swept over him at other times

TRIALS

when he had made some of the gravest blunders of his life.

The Pope had talked of "international institutions" and the "rehabilitation of the juridical order." That, of course, if it meant anything, was meant for the Europeans. Or at least so he and his friends had always taken it. We were all members of the Mystical Body. A grand dogma, that; but until this morning he had never felt that it had any relation to his responsibility in organizing the world for peace through international institutions.

He had done his share too in excoriating those misguided pacifists who preached "peace at any price." He was beginning to wonder now if all his prayers for his son had not been on that same basis. In his heart had he not been willing to let the whole world burn with hate and conflict if only he could get his soldier back?

The youngster pulled himself loose and ran the remaining half-block to his home and his games. But we oldsters cannot play, cannot trifle now. We have trifled enough in the most sacred of human responsibilities. We have allowed pessimism and the prejudices of by-gone decades to blind us to the minimum requirement for world peace which reason, history and the guidance of the Church have pointed out for us—a united family of nations organized for peace. Our default in 1919 was ghastly, but there is yet time to amend.

THE NEGRO COLLEGES

RETIREMENT on June 30 from active service at Atlanta University of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, nationally and internationally known Negro scholar and educator, is a reminder of the immensely stabilizing and unifying force exerted by the work of the Negro colleges in this country. For a good part of the history of Negro education is epitomized in the life history of this gifted man, who has reaped abundantly of every form of the nation's academic honors.

In his own numerous writings and lectures, Dr. DuBois has frequently illustrated the importance, for such stabilization, of building up the various racial groups from within, so that they shall be better prepared to take part in the life of the country as a whole.

The Negro colleges in this country have already demonstrated that they are a powerful force for civic health and strength in the communities—North and South—where their graduates have gone. At the present time the private Negro colleges train most of the teachers for the Negro grammar schools in the South. More than half the Negro doctors, dentists and nurses that serve the Negro population are graduates of the twenty-seven leading colleges now appealing for funds to carry on their work in the badly understaffed professional and badly handicapped vocational or technical fields.

The coming together of these twenty-seven leading institutions in a joint enterprise itself marks a milestone in the progress of the Negro race in this country. It means the submerging of institutional rivalries in an interest common to no one race or section or group in the country. Educational handicaps and backwardness of any one group are a source of weakness and danger to all the people, just as the progress of any single group is a benefit to all. The remarkable success which this appeal has so far enjoyed, appears to indicate that the cause of Negro education, like that of many other important causes, is most effectively presented as a whole, rather than merely upon the merits of individual institutions.

CANADIAN MARE'S NEST

IF we are to believe the maiden speech made on June 22 by the Hon. T. D. Bouchard in the Ottawa Senate, a perfectly appalling state of things exists in French Canada. The Jacques Cartier Order has been discovered, and even the Dies Committee could have nothing more fearsome in its files. Senator Bouchard charged that French-Canadian revolutionaries had gained control of patriotic societies, school boards, municipal councils and junior boards of trade and sought to establish a new state which would be "Catholic, French and corporative."

The Bloc Populaire, said the Senator, was the "open political tool" of the Jacques Cartier Order. The only person identified, however, by the Senator was the former *chargé d'affaires* of the Apostolic Delegation in Quebec, Monsignor Mozzoni, whose exhortations to the French Canadians to strive for a "completely Catholic" country were taken out of their context and made to appear as a subtle exhortation to political separatism.

For spirits wilted by the languors of summer heat, few things are more stimulating than the unearthing of a new subversive movement, Fascist or anti-Fascist or anything you like. The Order of Jacques Cartier, for all we know, may live up to the most interesting specifications. But if this particular group or its handful of extreme nationalist adherents does contain some germs of a "dangerous secessionist move," if there is something in it which "menaces Canada" or "hints at civil war," the best culture in which those germs can thrive is an atmosphere of sensation.

How unfounded were Mr. Bouchard's alarms appeared from the comments upon his speech made by his colleague, Senator Cyrille Vaillancourt, of Quebec, who would not admit that patriotic extremists represented anything like the majority of his countrymen:

You need not fear the Fascism of Quebec. My honorable friend [Senator Bouchard] has always feared secret societies. I have heard him talk about them for thirty years or more. He seems to be well versed in the affairs of those societies.

You can be sure that no subversive movement against this country will originate in Quebec. Quebec will remain the last rampart of fidelity to the oath of allegiance.

Showing how such charges originate, Mr. Vaillancourt, who has specialized in the credit-union movement, told of a meeting he happened to overhear in a hotel near the United States border, where the chairman said that the French-Canadian credit-union organizers were endeavoring to obtain "financial independence" and it was the duty of himself and his colleagues to "prevent French-Canadians from gaining financial independence."

Officials of the St. Jean Baptiste Society and of the National Catholic Syndicates and the Montreal School Board had no difficulty in disproving the Bouchard allegations.

The sensation-mongering Mr. Bouchard, however, can be thanked for offering one more instance of the ease with which capital, political and otherwise, can be made of the ever-popular issue of subversive societies. And the event, likewise, may serve to warn hot-headed enthusiasts that their language may be open to far more serious misinterpretation than some of them appear to realize. The Jacques Cartier Order and such may themselves signify little, but they can become very harmful handles for agitation.

LITERATURE AND ART

THE BLUE DANUBE AT THE VATICAN

MAX GRAF

I HAVE listened to the melody of the *Blue Danube* waltz many hundreds of times, but I do not remember having heard a more memorable performance of the immortal strains than when it was played within the age-old walls of the Vatican Palace in Rome before His Holiness, the late Pope Pius XI.

I still see the Holy Father on his throne. On the red damask wall behind him, there hung in a heavy gilt frame a holy picture, a painting of angels and groups of saints. His regal throne was surrounded by a group of high dignitaries of his Court, and when the first bars of the waltz resounded, the aged Pontiff's bespectacled eyes beamed, as he beat time with the right hand that had been resting in leisurely fashion on the arm of his throne—beat the three-fourths rhythm over which, for a time, the waltz king ruled.

The performance of which I am speaking took place on February 15, 1935.

Mussolini, who at that time was playing the role of protector and patron of Austria, had begged Herr von Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, to send Austrian artists to Italy and to Rome. He deemed it wise at that time to strengthen the ties between Austria and Italy—Hitler then having been in power for two years, and being in his opinion, as expressed to the Austrian Ambassador, Doctor Vollgruber, "an ape with the face of a man." Hence the Viennese "Schubert Glee Club" traveled to Rome to give two concerts in the greatest concert-hall in the city, the "Augusteo."

Besides this, three receptions were to be given, one by the Pope, one by Mussolini and another by the King of Italy. Music was to be the medium of the good will of Austria to the people of Italy, and in this mission there was not one concert or one reception at which Johann Strauss waltzes failed. They spoke a more definite language on behalf of an understanding with Austria than editorials, and were wiser than diplomatic notes.

Even the opening concert at the Augusteo had ended with a Strauss waltz. When the first lyric, lilting notes to *Wine, Women and Song* floated through the hall, the young girls and men in the galleries linked arms and, forming a large semi-circle, swayed rhythmically to and fro. Johann Strauss, to whose waltzes the whole world dances, was himself an awkward dancer. He was shy and embarrassed when he had to dance; but he certainly knew how to kindle the ability in others. Whether he was playing at the head of his orchestra, standing under the chestnut trees of the Prater—one of the great parks of Vienna with its mile-long lanes of heavily-laden white and pink chestnut blossoms—or in the garden of the famous suburban restaurant "Dommayer"—wherever it was, his listeners began to waltz. His rhythm seemed to creep into the remotest corners of the world. So even in the concert hall in Rome, in which symphonic music was usually heard, the young people in the galleries were delighted when Strauss melodies were rendered and the eyes of the old listeners gleamed and old gentlemen and white-haired ladies exchanged looks as if to say to one another: "Do you remember?"

As the concert ended, I stepped out of the box of the Austrian Ambassador, Herr Vollgruber, whose guest I had been. Mussolini strode down the aisle toward us, heavy and peasant-like, but his face radiant as he exclaimed to our group: "I feel the whole soul of Vienna."

However, the really great event was still to come—the reception at the Vatican. At this function, scheduled for the following forenoon, some sacred chorals of Franz Schubert's were to be sung. But the Pope himself had wished to hear a waltz of Strauss, and the *Beautiful Blue Danube* had been chosen as the loveliest proclamation of Austria's genius and of her grace. Since the exuberant days of the Renaissance, when Pope Leo X sat at his table surrounded by musicians, improvisers and the lute players, no secular music had been heard in the palace of the Popes. Dance music, such as the *Blue Danube*, was banned from the precincts of the Vatican. There in the Sistine Chapel, under the mighty frescoes of Michelangelo, the Papal chorus sang the solemn and sacred music of Palestrina. In Saint Peter's the organ played and when, on Easter Sunday, the Pope was carried into the Church of the Apostles, seated under palms and blessing the kneeling worshipers, a festive flourish of trumpets was played and the chorus, *Tu es Petrus*, was sung. But the dignitaries of the court of Pope Pius XI undoubtedly racked their brains for some way to include the Strauss waltz in these ceremonies.

The fact that the waltz was worldly and secular music was not the hindrance. Worldlings are not barred from the Pope's presence. In the palace of the Vatican, the Popes were accustomed to receiving a variety of pilgrims soliciting their blessings. Yet the problem was a difficult one, for was not the waltz rhythm imbued with the rapture of couples locked in one another's arms—was it not pagan?

However, the flexibility and wisdom of the Church at last found a formula which made possible the performance of a Strauss waltz in the hall of the Vatican. These compositions were not common waltzes, no ordinary dance music. Some of them had been dedicated to the pious Emperor of Austria, others to the King of Prussia, the King of Italy, and still others to the Russian Tsar, and yet another to Her Catholic Majesty, the Queen of Spain. These waltzes were familiar to the Courts of the Kings and Emperors of Europe. Johann Strauss, clad in his red tuxedo, had personally conducted them at Court festivities held by the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

But a much more difficult problem arose from the fact that there was no piano in the Vatican and that, as the *Blue Danube* waltz was to be sung in its original form—a chorus waltz with piano accompaniment—a piano had to be transported to the Vatican Palace. Nothing like that had been done for hundreds of years.

The singers from Vienna were assembled at eleven in the morning. They wore evening dress—tails and black tie—and were placed in two halls at the Palace. A word from one of the dignitaries was the signal for all those present to kneel. Then His Holiness came among them. Each of them kissed the Fisherman's ring on his hand as he passed, as pilgrims to the Eternal City have done for more than a thousand years. Officers of the Papal Militia, their swords drawn, Swiss Guards with halberds, and officiating Roman aristocrats, wearing black silk knee breeches and white lace ruffles, surrounded him. Next to the throne stood the Papal Secretary.

The Viennese conductor stepped up to the throne and, baton in hand, knelt and asked the Pope's permission to begin the concert. The Pope nodded. The singers had now grouped themselves around the piano and the concert began with Schubert's *Ave Maria*. After a second sacred chorus of Schubert's, there came the sensation of the Johann Strauss waltz. Slowly and tenderly the first strains of the introduction came forth. The triad themes seemed to evoke something hitherto unknown in those halls, adorned with religious pictures. They conjured dreams and surged like incoming waves until the rapturous rhythms burst forth.

At that moment Pope Pius began to smile and, smiling, to beat time with his fingers. When the officials surrounding him observed this they, too, smiled. The more exuberant these melodies—that sprang from the very soil of Vienna like the vineyards that surround that city—became and the more one alluring melody followed another, all equally joyful, the more visible became the pleasure of the Pope's entourage. The halberds of the Papal Guards swayed rhythmically back and forth, the old functionaries with their fine Roman profiles, in their black knee breeches and their black jackets, moved from right to left, and the staunch officers with their drawn swords began to fall softly, softly into the three-four waltz rhythm. The successor of Saint Peter and his entire suite were spellbound by the cadences and the melodies of the *Blue Danube*. The solemn world of the Vatican vibrated with life, and for ten minutes Johann Strauss' three-four time held sway over the Papal throne.

After the last bars of the *Blue Danube* had faded away, Pope Pius rose and addressed the singers in the most perfect German. He thanked them for the pleasure they had given, bestowed his Papal blessing upon them, and repeated his thanks, saying that they were "especially for the rapturous promenade on the banks of the Danube." The "rapturous promenade on the banks of the Danube" was this waltz which had traveled from the Danube to Rome, as other worldlings have. Like them, it had received the Pope's blessing. The waltz was repeated several times during the next days—once in the vast hall of the Palazzo Venezia before Mussolini, who looked rather absurd in his statuesque manner, arms folded over his chest, chin protruding and plump legs planted firmly on the floor, while Strauss' music filled the air.

On another occasion the Viennese chorus sang at the Quirinal Palace before the King of Italy and his Court. Here the reactions were the same: the listeners smiled as we smile when we resurrect precious memories, and shortly the audience swayed and danced to the music.

I do not remember ever having been more thrilled by this waltz than when it was performed at the Vatican under the mighty cupola of Michelangelo, near the grave of the First Apostle, while the Pope and Papal society sat there transformed.

The next day I saw Pope Pius XI on his way to the Sistine Chapel. Long lines of clergy preceded him. The Cardinals' purple and ermine shone brightly; the Swiss guards in their yellow and blue Renaissance uniforms, holding barrets and halberds, walked alongside. High upon the *Sedia Gestatoria*, the Pope sat enthroned, blessing the audience with the Sign of the Cross.

This time his face was that of an old man, pale and solemn, as had been the faces of all Popes who for many hundreds of years had been borne down the same road. But the day before, he had smiled when Johann Strauss entered the Vatican with his melodies, while the hand which now was making the Sign of the Cross had yesterday been beating time to the music.

POETRY

"TIME!"

The brotherhood of war is strong wine, gentlemen;
The thunderous drum to pulse the blood's excited song;
Beware the promise of a paper promise, gentlemen:
A decade after peace is very, very long.

Whatever the slogan for the next war, gentlemen,
Whatever the sales-talk for what cause to win,
It had better be a good one, gentlemen:
The excuse is wearing, wearing thin.

The clock hands mark a sinister late hour, gentlemen;
Would there seem to be more here than meets the eye?
The brotherhood of war is strong wine, gentlemen,
But the bright red wine is running dry.

FREDERICK EBRIGHT

GIRLS AT FIRST COMMUNION

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And everything nice;
Charm and delight,
And eyes that are bright.
They're nothing to be afraid of.

What are you girls made of?
Body and soul,
And a new-found goal;
God-given grace
In each happy face.
You've nothing to be afraid of.

What are all girls made of?
If they only knew,
They'd be all like you;
With virtue their goal,
God's grace in each soul;
And nothing to be afraid of.

WILLIAM T. MILLER

THE HEART CANNOT REGRET

Out of the southlands you, my bird, come bringing
The flower-fragrance of your soul's white spring
And, weary, yield to my warm hands caressing
The foam-white plumage of your troubled wing.

I had not hoped to hold you. Restless,
You cast your shadow on a glass-gray sea,
Abandoned to fogs that swirl against you soaring—
Oh, the impotent lips and the eloquent heart of me!

White bird, you plunge into aloneness gaily,
My small sky-swimmer, brave against the shock
Of wild cloud waves that catch and bear you onwards,
(I would lure you to my heart and turn the lock!)

But when in flight I see you, black with distance,
Dip toward me through the daybreak's silver bars,
My heart sinks, first in longing, then in terror
Lest turning to me you forsake the stars.

Earth is the pull; my mind has long released you,
Dispassionate, determined to forget;
Loud on the wind I hear an eagle swooping:
Wrapped in His wings the heart cannot regret.

SISTER MARY CHARITINA

BOOKS

PAN-AMERICAN PIVOT

ARGENTINA: PIVOT OF PAN-AMERICAN PEACE. By Henry Albert Phillips. Hastings House. \$2.50 AS a better title for this piece, we nominate the quiz-question: "What do you know about Argentina?" The bustling author leaves us in no doubt as to his stated thesis, that Argentina and our treatment of that land are the key to much of our international future. But he is frankly worried over what we do not know. To brace his contention he quotes the President of Yale University, Charles Seymour, in a sizzling paragraph:

A heart-breaking war is being fought because opinion controlling democratic government was completely uneducated in foreign affairs. . . . The only hope of choosing a foreign policy that will ensure the peace and security of the nation lies in educating the nation in the facts of foreign relations.

Phillips would not hope to qualify as an expert in that area. He is a newsman, evidently a careful reporter, yet hardly a deep student of history. Of one thing, though, he has had personal experience in his years spent in South America, and it is this: our foreign policy seems to be nothing but a reflection of our current national administration and its domestic outlook. It would be an egregious error to state this as a universal proposition, but in recent dealings with Argentina, he has something on his side.

For if Americans do not know the rest of the world, even in its geography, much less do they know the political geography of Argentina. The plain fact is that, from the time of Manuel Ugarte, Argentines retain a considerable distrust of us in diplomatic matters, for they see their export trade to us limited by the politics of our farm States and by the journalism of the secondary stratum in New York. They likewise retain a considerable opinion of their own position in South America, which is in truth the post of commercial and political leadership. And they are not backward in realizing that, after all, the Latin Americans preceded our forefathers by something like a full century in laying down the cultural and economic pattern of the western hemisphere.

When, then, men like the mayor of our largest city, and the major who is a widely read military commentator, give us the advice to take "Argentina" by the lapel of the coat and give her a good shakedown, the citizenry in the Plata region lift their eyebrows and register a bit more than amazement. Such treatment may well turn them from our friendship.

The book is no epochal creation. It shows signs of hurried composition—note "egregious" for "gregarious"—and its background material ranks lower than the average well written editorial. Its merit lies in mirroring what the author actually saw, and for this an evening will be sufficient. But in the quiet of a pipe and an after-work armchair, it will bring those interested in knowing who lives in Argentina an amount of economic and political data first-hand from one who saw these things in action. The more we know of this picture, the better we shall direct our contacts with our southerly neighbor.

W. EUGENE SHIELS

JOAN, NOT OF ARC

SIMONE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by G. A. Hermann. The Viking Press. \$2.50

THE APPROACH of German invaders into the village of Saint-Martin unleashes the treachery of native Frenchmen who are supposedly the village patriots, and incites the heroism of fifteen-year-old Simone Planchard, a modern Joan of Arc who, wearing green slacks and riding a bicycle, "rescues" France from her betrayers. When Simone realizes that her adored guardian, Uncle Prosper, plans to sell out his trucking and gasoline business to the invading "Boches," she takes matters into her own hands and destroys the plant by fire, hoping that the honor of her deed will reflect upon her uncle and protect him from the stigma of traitor. Uncle Prosper, however, fails to appreciate her motive, betrays

her trust in him, and has her confined to a reform school known as "the Gray House." Sustaining her throughout the execution of her "mission" is the story of Joan of Arc, together with the memory of her father who died, misunderstood, in the service of France.

It grieves my sensitive soul to find an axe concealed within the pages of a novel. The "betrayal of France," which is the author's particular peeve in *Simone*, was not so simplified as it appears outlined in this book. There were lights and shadows as well as etchings in black and white. But Feuchtwanger's finger points steadily to a single cause: treachery within, shifting the blame from property owners to lawyers to politicians to soldiers and to Pétain, as if he were not quite sure of the villains himself. There is no hint of contributing factors from without France.

The story of Joan of Arc is substantially correct in fact, but the analogy with *Simone* is not convincing when one remembers the Divine origin of Joan's mission. Feuchtwanger does not remember that, or else does not think it so significant as *Simone*'s green slacks. The parallel is superficial: Joan, relying on Divine guidance, knew exactly what God wanted her to do; *Simone* imagines that she is appointed to save France—from what might have been only a local lesion on the country's complexion—and after she had carried out her "mission" is tormented by doubts of the validity and wisdom of her act.

To what extent the translator is responsible for the slovenly prose style is problematic. The fact is that the book is replete with American slang in purely expository passages. There is a frequent and irritating change of verb tenses within single sentences, and there are several obsolete expressions and many anachronisms of speech. If there is skilful characterization in the drawing of the Madame, and in Uncle Prosper, it is equally true that *Simone* never quite comes to life, and Maurice never reaches the stature that his early appearances in the book promise.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

MODERN MINOTAUR

THE LABYRINTH. By Cecil Roberts. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

NO patch of soil is more renowned as the home of mythical celebrities than the rocky isle of Crete. In a grotto of Mount Ida, Zeus himself, father of all the Olympian gods, nicked his tender skull on the ribs of his cradle. The shaggy mountains of Gortyna, scowling down the plain of Messara, perpetuate the fame of Daedalus who carved from their solid walls that intricate maze of caverns whose name adorns this book.

Deep in its hollow confines a bellowing Minotaur, with the head of a savage bull and the body of a man, glutted himself on human flesh and shattered the local peace with ferocious ululations. It was Theseus, in a moment of rashness, who resolved to muzzle the racket at its infamous root and source.

Ariadne, the beautiful Ariadne, providentially "gave him a sword, and with it a skein of wool, that he might trail it in his wanderings in the vast labyrinth and, if successful in his contest with the Minotaur, retrieve his steps by it."

Thereafter Cretan farmers mowed their hay in appropriate tranquility. That is to say, until a new and winged monster, called the *Luftwaffe*, swooped upon the island to crush its human prey. But unlike its classic prototype it was all too ugly real.

In May of 1941, Sylvia Day, a modern Ariadne, saw its mobile shadow blacken the vales of Crete and its sunlit olive groves. Bombs fell on Suda Bay, on Canea and Maleme. Paratroopers blossomed in the sky "like a field of white flowers bursting into bloom." Stunned by the crashing assault, the simple Cretan folk rushed from their cottages to repel the brutal foe.

"Old men, young men, women, boys, with long knives, sickles, *vagabans*, anything with which they could slaughter the invaders, plunged into the carnage." It was a valiant effort, glorious and futile. By June the entrenched monster had prevailed.

Into the mountains panting survivors fled, civilians and soldiers worn by the brunt of battle. In the secret windings of the old labyrinth Sylvia salvaged these fugitive remnants. The wounded under her care were fed and bandaged. By mule-express disabled soldiers were smuggled to Sfakia and ferried to safety off the midnight coast. Hostile patrols disappeared over night. The baffled foe was constantly bled and harassed.

In the light of current conflict the doom of Crete seems like a fading retrospect, hazy and remote. All eyes today are riveted on France. What happened elsewhere has been dimmed in eclipse by the blazing encounter which there in the intense present desperately must be won. Pending its epochal issue, however, the story of Sylvia and her Cretan heroes shines with penumbral brilliance from that puzzling pit where once the original bull-headed man roared at the pendent stalactites and munched Athenian maidens.

MICHAEL J. HARDING

STORM TO THE SOUTH. By Thelma Strabel. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.75

THE FORMULA in light fiction gets going, they say, when boy meets girl. Here, in deference to the nineteenth-century, Spanish-Colonial scene, let it be noted that when *muchacho* meets *muchacha* as pretty a midsummer plot as the mind could concoct is set in staccato motion. California is Spanish still, and Peru, if the revolution succeeds, will be Spanish no longer. What two charming outdoor sets for blonde young Hollywood people—with Latin extras milling around and Spanish architecture being fetching and exotic!

Star-of-the-Sea Shattuck, born in Honolulu and reared in Boston, is the daughter of a prepossessing but shifty trading agent who shuttles between Monterey and Lima. A plot to murder papa, the appearance of a Virginian consular agent and an equally attractive young Englishman combine to deflect Star's sensible mind from too much book-keeping for papa. Business—and the plot—calls to Peru; here Star meets her Aunt, Doña Magdalena Ana Maria de la Gracia de Dios Leonora de la Guerra y Noriega de Shattuck, and the Spanish blonde, Marita. The revolution brings siege to Lima's householders; Star makes discoveries about her rebel "cousin" Marita and, of course, about her two suitors. Climax and close-up in Peru, with the romantic public office-holder in triumph over the profits-centered business man.

So much for the fluff, and good fluff it is. Refreshingly, there is no attempt to make other than licit love romantic. A negative yet welcome note: these pages are wholly free from what passes as "delightfully Rabelaisian." Miss Strabel's tale has no essential relation to Spanish America, then or now, of course. The Church is neither attacked nor praised; it is just on hand, as another engaging bit of background. One can accept that more readily somehow than the irritating prescience of some of the characters that there will inevitably be a World War II. RILEY HUGHES

SAILORS OF FORTUNE. By Colin Mackenzie. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

BOMBERS ACROSS. By Capt. Edgar J. Wynn. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

THE FIGHTIN'EST SHIP. By Lt. C. G. Morris, USNR and Hugh B. Cave. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50

THREE intense and eager young men tell of war as carried on by the Merchant Marine, the Air Transport Command and the Navy destroyer *Helena*, now sunk. *Sailors of Fortune*, which has some Richard Halliburton touches, is perhaps the best.

The author, Colin Mackenzie, was rejected for military service and joined the Merchant Marine. On his first trip, the vessel was torpedoed and Mackenzie nearly died of a broken leg, shock, exposure and from swallowing oil. When he recovered, he shipped out again, in a convoy carrying supplies for the Sicilian invasion. Although sailors were forbidden to go ashore, Mackenzie made his way to the front lines, where he helped the Signal Corps shoot a sniper; after half a day of warfare with the infantry he thumbed a ride back in Gen. Omar N. Bradley's staff car. Mackenzie is a good observer and reporter. He tells his story in a lively manner and with some artistry.

Bombers Across, is perhaps the best summary of the world-wide operations of the transatlantic ferry command

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Kula Bay, where the fighting destroyer *Helena* went to
the bottom on July 7, 1943. The story is told with too much
and too mighty heroics to have real appeal.

JOSEPH HUTTLINGER

SMALL TOWN TYRANT. By Heinrich Mann. Creative
Age Press. \$2.50

THIS BRIEF novel, now published for the first time in America, but dating from the days before Herr Mann's exile, was previously known here only by the film version of the translation published in England under the title *The Blue Angel*. If we are to judge *Small Town Tyrant* by Aristotelian standards, we shall not enjoy it or recognize its worth. Certainly, it distorts reality in its treatment of the improbable possibility of a veteran and learned teacher's bringing ruin on himself for love of an actress of doubtful reputation. Yet, judged by the standards of expressionism, the distortion, intended to concentrate our attention on certain baser aspects of human nature, seen through an intellect, and not in a realistic or ideal presentation, is a cleverly contrived piece of art.

The novel is extremely unpleasant in its concern with such exaggerated details as the unsavory nickname "Old Garbage," of the protagonist, Professor Gaubage; the sordidness and intimacy of the actress' dressing-room; the professor's strange, perverted jealousy and hatred of his students; the three students' varying, but equally unwholesome attitudes toward the actress—all are studied elements in a powerful analysis of two related passions, cruelty and lust (and these are "certain features" not, as the jacket asserts, "of the German life and character," but of all humanity in its undisciplined state).

If one does not care for expressionism—and indeed it is a difficult, often inhumanly abstract *genre*, one step from the madness of surrealism—one will not enjoy Herr Mann's book. But judged by its own standards, it is an excellent and well wrought work. For most adults, though it is morbidly overconcerned with sexual aberration, it would probably not prove harmful, since there is no actual obscenity and certainly no attempt to paint evil in an attractive light.

JOSEPHINE NICHOLLS HUGHES

TRUMPET TO ARMS. By Bruce Lancaster. Little, Brown
and Co. \$2.75

THERE are many reasons why people like to read historical fiction. For one thing, a great number of persons seem to feel, perhaps subconsciously, that an historical novel—or a detective story—offers a less frivolous escape from today's problems than some other types of entertaining reading. For such readers Mr. Lancaster's *Trumpet to Arms* will be a satisfactory novel.

This story is about a young man, Ripley Mayne, who was a member of His Majesty's Marines in the period immediately before the American Revolution. Ripley, colonial born, deserted and went home to Concord, Massachusetts, to find himself unpopular with his neighbors who were getting ready to fight His Majesty's forces and gain their independence. Ripley worked for a time on his father's farm. Then he took part in the Battle of Concord and became an ensign in the Marblehead regiment. He had many adventures, including, as one may have suspected, meeting a girl and falling in love with her. The story is well told and exciting and the incidents are interesting. All in all, *Trumpet to Arms* adds up to what is popularly known as "good reading."

RUTH BYRNS

FORTUNATA CALIRI is Assistant Librarian at Emmanuel College, Boston.

MICHAEL J. HARDING teaches Philosophy in both the Graduate and Undergraduate schools at Boston College.

RILEY HUGHES is the author of *Coast Guard Academy*, just published by Devin-Adair.

THEATRE

HATS OFF TO ICE. The Spring and early Summer theatrical season, which has been a disappointment to us all, has made amends in the handsomest manner by presenting to us, at the end of June, an especially brilliant new entertainment at the Centre Theatre. *Hats Off to Ice* is the title of the present revue, the fourth annual offering of Sonia Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz; and though every program they have given us has been good, this tops them all.

To top the excellence of the previous revues took some doing by the producers, and their achievement is all the more remarkable because for the first time in its history the ice program has been polluted, by some misguided director, with a dash of dirt, which amazed the audience. This dirt is concentrated in one offering, the Hula Hula dance.

With that off our minds, let us take up the features that are good—which means the remainder of the program. First I must testify that Carol Lynne is up to her best form, which probably no other woman skater can excel and which few can equal, and that Freddie Trenkler is still the king of skaters and a good comedian as well. Both he and Miss Lynne have a fine showing on the program and are superb.

Other featured skaters are two admirable teams of sisters—Dorothy and Hazel Capey and Inge and Helga Brandt—while Peggy Whight, Bob Ballard, James Caesar and Geoff Stevens keep us gasping over the skill and originality of their work. All this, remember, against superb backgrounds of choreography and decor which kept one staring and almost incredulous, and with ballet features, pageantry and pantomime added to a program really bewildering in its scope and beauty.

The best of the production numbers, in my judgment, are "Pathway to the Stars" and "Slavic Rhapsody." Here the chorus is in white, with hoop skirts and an indescribable charm of effect in its background and in the grace and exquisite precision of its skating. "A Persian Legend" is another lovely offering. In short, almost every feature is beautiful to look at. Remembering this, one accepts philosophically those rare numbers in which the skating is subordinated for a few moments to slap-stick comedy. The contortionists, and even Lucille Page, "the sophisticated lady," who apparently hasn't a bone in her body, leave me a bit chilled; but there are hundreds in the audience who love and applaud them.

Grace Houston is given credit for the costumes, and the effective settings are the work of Bruno Maine. Much of the music is classical and a delight; but there are some good modern songs by John Fortis and James Littlefield.

Hats Off to Ice will be with us for a long time—the longer the better.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

AMERICAN ROMANCE. That America is the land of endless opportunity is well portrayed in this Technicolor saga of an immigrant who rose from an iron miner to a motor magnate through determination and very hard work. Stefan Dangosibiblichek, played appealingly though forcibly by Brian Donlevy, is a Slovenian immigrant whose vision encompasses the tremendous possibilities in this land when he crosses the United States in search of his first job. Steve's story involves a happy marriage to a beautiful Irish girl (Ann Richards), a daughter, three sons named after famous Presidents, and a life crammed full of activity. The audience goes on a sort of Cook's tour of the steel industry with Steve. Later, with the coming of the automobile, our hero becomes engrossed in perfecting its mechanism and before long we are on the assembly line watching the construction of a streamlined, prize-winning car. And just in case one has not had his fill of such technicalities, the final scenes present the view of a giant airplane being assembled. The two World wars, of course, play an important part in the history of Steve. In the first he loses a son, in the second he comes out of retirement to tackle a new job, the building of planes. All the family will find worthwhile entertainment here, and experience a patriotic glow over this American romance. (MGM)

THE GREAT MOMENT. Preston Sturges has chosen the story of Dr. William Morton, who discovered anesthesia almost a hundred years ago, for his screen material. Joel McCrea is cast as the medical student whose poverty forced him to become a dentist. The struggles and tribulations of the man, particularly through the years when he encountered opposition from the medical profession over his attempts to extract teeth painlessly, furnish much of the film's drama. Betty Field plays, with real skill, the wife who has no understanding of her husband's problems. Harry Carey and William Demarest add capable characterizations. This can be classed as a passably diverting piece for the family. (Paramount)

CANDLELIGHT IN ALGERIA. This unpretentious British-made melodrama has swift action and thrills enough to satisfy. Set in Algiers just before the invasion of North Africa by the Allies, the picture records the adventures of a British officer and an American girl in their efforts to secure from the Germans a camera with a photo of a map of vital importance. James Mason and Carla Lehmann handle the leading roles most satisfactorily. Adults are likely to find this modest offering quite pleasing. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

WEDDING bells have always attracted considerable notice. . . . One is not surprised, then, to discover that the literary bigwigs of past epochs have devoted quite a few remarks to the wedding-bells topic. . . . Some of the remarks, it must be admitted, are somewhat on the bizarre side. . . . Heywood, for instance, states that "Wedding is destiny, And hanging likewise." . . . In the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Burton sees eye to eye with Heywood and declares: "Marriage and hanging go by destiny." . . . Sweeping aside the fatalistic slant of both Heywood and Burton, Herbert prefers to advise parents. He says: "Marry your son when you will; your daughter when you can." . . . Other literary lights direct their attention to the timing of marriage. . . . Randolph exclaims: "Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late—A sentence worthy my meditation; For marriage is a serious thing." . . . Congreve expostulates: "Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure: Married in haste, we may repent at leisure." . . . Cowper appears to agree with this viewpoint, stating: "Misses! the tale that I relate This lesson seems to carry—Choose not alone a proper mate, But proper time to marry." . . . The seriousness of marriage is developed by Shakespeare. "Marriage," affirms the Bard of Avon, "is a matter more worth than to be dealt in by attorneyship." Threading through the lines of these literary luminaries is the implication that marriage is a profoundly serious busi-

ness. . . . The truth is that when these men wrote, wedding bells were really wedding bells. . . . The social cancer known as divorce had scarcely shown more than a tiny portion of its deadly surface. . . . The brides and grooms really meant what they pledged at the weddings. . . . The husbands and the wives used to stay married to each other for life. . . . The idea of married couples having children was not regarded as anti-social. . . . Today, of course, wedding bells are no longer in many cases wedding bells at all. . . . They are, only too often, the heralds of brief flirtations. . . . Not a few modern girls in their early twenties have already had ring out for them so-called wedding bells four, five, six, even seven times. . . .

The nature of marriage—what it is to consist of—is determined by God. . . . God has made marriage so that it is for the life of the two parties involved. . . . Only the death of one party frees the other. . . . Men cannot change this. . . . Divorce court judges may tell husbands and wives they are free to remarry, but they are not. . . . The divorced husbands who take other women, the divorced wives who take other men, are living in adultery. . . . Constantly increasing adultery is—shall we put it mildly?—not so good for a nation. . . . Not while God remains up there on the Big Seat.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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DEFENSE NEEDS INDUSTRIES

EDITOR: In your issue for June 24 last you quoted the Rev. John T. S. Mao as saying: "If China, like so many other countries, had been completely industrialized, she would have been destroyed [by the Japanese]." The reason Father Mao gives is that "in an industrialized nation, when factories and equipment are destroyed, the people are destroyed. An enemy cannot destroy farms."

This strikes me, if Father Mao will pardon my saying so, as strange reasoning. What leads him to think that if China had been completely industrialized, its factories and equipment would ever have been destroyed?

My guess is that if China had been completely industrialized, Japan would never have attacked her. If Japan had attacked, in that case would not China have been able to repel the attack with ease?

Many grave evils can be laid to the door of our modern industrialized societies; inability to repel aggression is definitely *not* one of them.

I have often wondered where the Spitfires, the ack-ack, the ships, and the other defense weapons of Britain would have come from had Britain been a nation of small farmers at the time of the Battle of Britain, instead of a "completely industrialized" country.

It is hard to see how we can get much consolation out of the experience of China, unless it be on the ground that rural communities produce more men than urban communities. But it takes men plus munitions to wage a successful defensive war, and China's agricultural society has woefully lacked munitions. When the Japs are driven out of China, the latter will owe a lot to American munitions and to both the American and British navies and air-forces—that is, to her highly industrialized allies.

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SECONDING MARTHA

EDITOR: I have been a member of a Mission Band for twenty-six years, and some one lately called my attention to Mrs. Mildred Cook O'Nan's short but electric article on Missions published in AMERICA for May 27, 1944.

I have all along so much agreed with the lady's charge against Missions as given in general that I have never allowed any of my brothers or sisters or close friends to attend a Mission. The Lady puts her electric needle on the very core of the disease infecting many Missions when she says: "Our souls do need a spiritual 'lift'; need it so badly that I, a laywoman, dare to raise my voice to ask why it is not given to us from the pulpit." Farther on she says: "Our fault is not that we are on the wrong path, but that we are stuck fast in the mire."

And right here in her own words is to be found the answer to her earlier question. "Stuck in the mire!" My dear lady, it is the Missionaries who are stuck in the mire, the mire of tradition. They are talking the way they heard their predecessors talk. They are stuck in the mire of the false principle that the only way to make people good is to scare them into being good. When they finish their studies they start right out to forget all that they learned of the Christian religion as given by Our Lord in the Gospels and by the glorious Saint Paul in his Epistles. Instead of taking Our Lord and His doctrine, and Saint Paul's exposition of this doctrine, they recur to the matter and manner of some tirader whom they heard in their youth or some blaster who has acquired a name from his friends' talking him up.

The answer, my dear lady, to your query—and I am so thankful to you for giving me this chance to bring it out—is that the Christian religion is not preached to you; otherwise a Mission would always be as inspiring and consoling as the Christian religion is essentially inspiring and consoling. For our religion is essentially the religion of the Christ-opened gate of Heaven, with the light of Heaven streaming down along our pathway thither. "I am come to save!" Our Lord announced when He stepped out to teach the world, and the whole of His religion is summed up in His words "Come to Me!" The Gospel tells of Him: "The bruised reed

"He did not break," but Missioners who do not think, the ones stuck in the mire, are apt to enjoy smashing all the bruised reeds they think they have before them.

What is needed in all the seminaries and houses of studies for our priests is that those in charge see to it that the study of the 'ologies does not bury the Christian religion, and that students do not come out who know many wonderful distinctions, but do not know Christianity as Our Lord taught it and Saint Paul so beautifully and inspiringly expounds it.

If this squib of mine is published, you and I may be able to thank God that we have started something—something that has long been badly needed. Your article is the article of an Apostle. I thank you for it!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

REV. JOHN A. COTTER, S.J.

RADIO AND PEACE

EDITOR: I read with interest your editorial comments in the June 24 AMERICA, concerning radio and the peace.

We in NBC are, of course, heartily in agreement with your position that radio ought to recognize its responsibility in preparing the public mind for the tests of the peace to come.

We have had a good many programs on the air which dealt with these vital issues and we continue to carry such programs all the time. May I refer specifically to the series entitled "For This We Fight," which was carried under the auspices of NBC's University of the Air and also to the series "The State Department Speaks," presented under the same auspices. These are only two instances, and many more could be mentioned.

As for our activities in the religious field, I wonder whether it could be said that the radio has only "made a welcome gesture of acknowledgment to God on D-Day." Such acknowledgment is being made constantly by all the networks and by a good many independent stations throughout the country. We in NBC have carried a large number of inspirational religious programs, with a direct reference to wartime and postwar problems. It would probably take too much of your space to list all these programs, but I should like to call to your particular attention such special features as the recent program from the Cathedral of St. Augustine in Florida which was arranged in support of the Fifth War Loan Drive with a message by Father Thomas J. McDonough; the dramatic presentations produced under the auspices of the Bishops' Relief Committee; the round-table discussion in connection with the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion at Columbia University on "The Intellectual and Spiritual Bases for Enduring Peace"; the interview with Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P. on his experiences in a Japanese internment camp; the readings of Charles Péguy's poems by Eva Le Gallienne and Margaret Webster—to mention just these few at random.

In the course of last year, the NBC network has devoted not less than 250 hours to religious programs. I am sure you will agree that this is more than just a "gesture of acknowledgment of God." As for Dorothy Sayers' series, "The Man Born to Be King," we had considered broadcasting these plays many months ago, but there were various reasons why we could not do so. Incidentally, this cycle was recently broadcast by the CBC, whose stations can be heard by many listeners in the United States.

Perhaps I may also refer to the recent series "Salute to Valor," which was presented under the auspices of the Catholic Hour as a parallel, particularly since it dealt very emphatically with problems of war and peace. This cycle of dramas, written by Father Timothy Mulvey, O.M.I., of Washington, D. C., was a signal success.

It may also interest you that NBC will shortly introduce a feature of daily prayers which will be presented each morning and each evening to open and to close the network.

At the present time NBC is carrying an interdenominational series under the title "The Church in Action." This is, of course, in addition to the regular features such as The Catholic Hour.

New York, N. Y.

MAX JORDAN

Director of Religious Broadcasts, NBC.

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THE WORD

VERY few public speakers have the consideration for their listeners that Christ had for His. "I have compassion on the multitude," He said, and He fed them miraculously. Off-hand, a few distant imitations of Christ's thoughtfulness come to mind. The old-style politician not infrequently supplied a picnic as a setting for his oratory, and on other occasions followed his declamations with an invitation to beer and sandwiches. The often-maligned Communion breakfast offers food and a social get-together as a prelude to speeches. The weekly meeting of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine often closes with an hour of dancing. Study clubs and discussion groups do their best discussing over coffee and buns.

On the other hand, no speaker in all the world's history has ever been called upon to have such consideration for his audience. Did ever any other audience follow a speaker for three whole days without thinking of food or drink? "They have now been with me for three whole days and have nothing to eat; if I send them away to their homes fasting, they will faint on the way, for some of them have come from a distance" (Mark 8:1-9).

How did Christ manage to hold His audiences so well? We might, if we are priests, just go on thinking of the charm of Christ's personality that so could enthrall an audience. We might wonder about the power of His preaching. "No man ever spoke as this man," they said of Him. "He speaks as one having authority." Yet, so do we speak, as ones having authority. The stole we wear as we speak reminds us and our listeners of that. We are preaching His doctrine undiluted.

Was His power in the friendliness of His approach, in the absence of all that is obviously oratorical, in the careful homeliness of His manner of speaking, His parables, His stories, His illustrations taken from their homes and their fields and their small day-by-day problems? Was it perhaps that He was being so sincerely Himself all the time He spoke? Was it in the singleness of His very evident purpose, "to do the will of Him who sent me?" Or in the warm sympathy He had for all of them: "I have compassion on the multitude?"

He saw them as "sheep without a shepherd," ready to follow false notions and false prophets. He saw them as good at heart but bewildered, weak, confused by the constant clash between the material and the spiritual within them, discouraged often by the minute, overpowering demands their leaders made on them and the hypocrisy of their leaders' lives. He was patently eager to teach them the "things that are for thy peace." As they listened He found them so often incapable of bringing to the big things of life the common sense they applied to all life's unimportant things.

Did they listen to Him mostly for this, that they saw He had compassion on them, that He was so sincerely interested in them? He healed their sick. He comforted them. He gave them bread to eat. He lived on no higher plane than they did. He had not "whereon to lay His head." He was always at their beck and call. He loved their children. He was friendly to the most despised among them. He appealed to a hidden source of generosity and high ideals in all of them. Did they sense from the very first time He spoke to them that here was a shepherd who would gladly give His life for them?

Priests and laity, we can wonder why it is that today the personality of Christ does not draw us as it drew people long ago. He is the same Christ, yesterday, today and tomorrow. The doctrine we hear is the same doctrine that Christ preached. The Christ in the tabernacle is the same Christ who walked in Jerusalem. The Sacred Heart today still has "compassion on the multitude." In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the same Christ offers Himself who offered Himself on Calvary. The daily miracle of the Altar, of bread and wine made Christ, is an hourly greater miracle than the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. The Bread offered us daily at the Banquet Table of God is the Bread for which Christ tried to prepare His listeners through His lesser miracles of changing water into wine and multiplying the loaves and fishes.

Yes, He still has "compassion on the multitude." Without Him the multitude cannot find joy, peace, satisfaction or fruition in life. Yet the multitude will not listen. We will not listen. We must listen, listen avidly. We must allow ourselves to be captivated by the personality of Christ and His preaching. Then we must open to the multitude the inexhaustible riches of the heart of Christ.

J. P. D.

THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR JUNE

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

Popularity of the ten books listed below is estimated by points, ten for mention in first place, nine for mention in second, and so on. The frequency with which a book is mentioned, as well as its relative position, are both indicated—the frequency in the "totals" column, the relative position by the boxed numerals.



What Other Answer comes back among the best ten; *Men of Maryknoll*, which is to be filmed, continues to hold its place and to approach the record set by the *Song of Bernadette*.

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A spiritual blockbuster on modern indifference to religion. —*The Sun, Ridgely, Md.*

Many will find it stimulating and exciting. —*Social Progress*

Esaily the best post-war plan to be offered yet. —*Indiana Catholic Record*

Nothing stuffy about the presentation of his material. —*Ave Maria*

As interesting as the sports page, and it beats the comics. It's frank. It's right. Don't miss it. —*The Sign*

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